BATES The Incompetent. BY EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER.

AGE, the dapper little city editor of the Globe, had a great nose for news. He also had a temper. His

Fates was tall, lcan, cadaverous; as angular of feature as he was of form. A great shock of unkempt black hair hing low over his forchead, and gave him a look that was grim, wild. fantaste. The vagaries of nature, as though still unsatisfied, set in his homely had a pair of appealing blue eyes, that diffused a strange peace over his haggard face.

The city editor could not look into

gard face, he city editor could not look into see eyes, and be narsh. He knew that experience. Even now the furtive nee he caught as he looked up at the

Look here, Bates," he began, more irritated than angry, waving a handful of clippings from rival newspapers; "we've been beaten by every sheet in lown, and you're to blame!" The reporter knew it. He had nothing

The reporter knew it. He had nothing to say. There is no excuse in journalism. Sage went on. "This is the third time you've fallen down on an important story within ten days. Two weeks ago you were scooped; and a month before you were beaten by even that insignificant rag, the Gazette. I've warned ou repeatedly. You know I wen't keep man on the staff upon whom I cannot epend. I intended to discharge you a reek ago; but I thought botter of it, no decided to give you another chance. You haven't made good! I can't account for it—you have done excellent work heretofore—you stopped drinking a year ago--what is it?

"Luck! Rotten luck!"
"Well, the Globe can't afford to em ploy an unlucky man. As a matter of discipline, if nothing else, I shall have to let you go. I'm sorry! Personally, I like you. You can work on here until the end of the week, and then-take my advice-get out of the newspaper busi-ness-you're not fitted for it."

As if to emphasize that point, the editor assigned Bates, a man of experience, to report a lecture about which the paper might print a half dozen lines), and dismissed him. Bates walked out of the office, dazed,

"Get out of the newspaper business; you're not fitted for it." The words whirled through the reporter's mind until his head throbbed.

He was not worried on the count. His mind was full of a little woman, who lay ill in a maternity hospital; the mother of a tiny pink thing—the nurse told Bates it was a boy—the mife whom he feared death would snatch with the county was this fear, then the county was the feared death would snatch the whom he feared death would snatch the whom he feared death would snatch the work with the belief that he could be more persuasive at close range. thoughts for the past six weeks. It was this ever-haunting horror—a horror that drove the man to the hospital a dozen "Dru

ate seemed to have laid a heavy hand

Like most journalists, he had not saved money. He could not afford to be idle a day, so he was obliged to work on through those weeks of worry. He might have had assistance, had he made known the cause of his incompetency; but his sensitive nature, the keener be cause it was hidden, shrank from the coarse jests some of his fellows would have made at that little woman's ex-

hospital, trusting to luck that the lecture would amount to nothing. It did prove of small interest, and, as Bates had prophesied, so did his every assignment

for the next five Gays.

He was despondent, very despondent;
not so much that his stories yielded him ttle, but that his wife was still in the "If she were only well and strong

again. I could bring in news, and turn out copy they'd be glad to print," he muttered to himself, as he stood by the office window one night, late in the week, and gazed out through the dizzling rain, ver the roof tops. He sighed and turned from the window

The office clock struck 10. He noted that he was the only reporter in the room. "Yes," he thought. bitterly, "they're all working but me."

Just then the telephone bell rang. A

copy reader answered it. He made a few notes on a bit of paper, nung up the receiver, and handed the slip to the city

I'll have to see the night editor out it." He glanced around the room. The eyes of Bates were on him. "He's the only reporter in the shop," thought

The city editor rose from his chair, and stepped into an adjoining office, where a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where where a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where were were where where a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where where we were where where we were where we were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves were where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves where we will be a dozen men in shirt sleeves where we will be a dozen men in shir editing copy as fast as it came by wire, telephone and messenger. The night editor, his feet cocked up on the desk, a long Havana between his teeth, was looking over the evening papers. He ed up as the city euitor accosted They exchanged a few words, evidently satisfactory to Sage, for he nodded his head, and re-entered the city

pates," said he, as soon as he had put his foot inside the door, 'nere is a chance to redeem yourself. He handed the reporter the slip, and added: "There's a big explosion at Bed Rock, and a lot

First Painless Night in 3 Months. First Painless Night in 3 Months.

"I received the Ready Relief on Friday, the 11th Inst., by night express; used the same at 9 o'clock and had a painless night, for the first time in three months. Used the Ready Relief again on Saturday and Sunday morning and night, with the same result. I had a broken arm and shoulder out of joint, or dislocated; was set all right, but remained painful until I used your remedy. Thanks for your prompt attention."

Yours respectfully, G. G. DOSE, Maryland, Otsego Co., N. Y.



def. the dapper little city editor of the Globe, had a great nose for news. He also had a temper. His fits of rage were usually the result me offense to his journalistic nost me offense to his journalistic nost as scarlet as the habitual red carnin his button-hole.

Though Bates holded, in a tone that boded lost.

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Though Bates holded, rake ...e first train out. hump yourself! Telephone us something—anything—for the first train out. hump yourself! Telephone us something—anything—for the first train out. hump yourself! Telephone and lighting his pipe. "He hasn't half the names, but he has the losses and insurance down pat."

Then, after a moment's pause, consumed in getting his pipe well lighted, he resumed: "Mr. Central, you're a brick! This is great! Here we sit—pardon me, shall I roll you a cigarette? Very good." He rolled one for the youth.

Though Bates hurried, he missed the last, train to Red Bock a small town.

"Here we sit, while the gang rushes"

good.
A reporter dropped, the paper he was about fifteen miles from the city; so he was obliged to use the trolley line.

It was close to midnight when he reacued Bed Rock. As he jumped from the editor looked the reporter over car he caught sight of a mounted patrol-head to toe, and from toe to head, man. He halled the officer and questioned h.m concerning the catastrophe. The

> He ran along what seemed to be the main street of the town until, over a barber shop, he saw a telephone sign. The place was dark. Bates ...ammerea at the door. A woman put her head out of a window above him.

"I'd like to use your 'phone," began the reporter cheerfully.

'You'll have to wait; my husband's

down to the explosion, and 1 m net goin' to let any stranger in." The woman closed the window.

it in, then turned on his heel and in-quired of a man in a milk wagon where he might find a telephone. "There's a 'phone in the drug store, about a quarter of a mile the other side of the car shed," was the answer.

It was twenty minutes past midnight when Bates found the drug shop. The lights were extinguished, but the drug-"May I use your 'phone?" asked Bates.
"No!" replied the man curtly. "I've shut up for the night."

but I'm a reporter-I've got to send in a story of the explosion-I won't keep

you a moment."
"I don't care who you are or what you have to do. I run this place to suit my-self, not you or your paper. If you want a 'phone—go to the exchange."
"Go to hell!" returned Bates, wrathfully, as he wheeled about and strode up the street.

He was desperate.
It was twenty-five minutes past twelve. The street was deserted. He looked up and down the rows of black windows in despair.

"Damn it all!" Bates exclaimed, "I'm cursed!" "Hello, hello! Yes, this is central." The words floated out through a window above him.

his head throbbed.

"My Ged! if I can't do newspaper work, what can I do? Nothing—nothing! The reporter gazed up eagerly. There was a light in the fourth floor of an office building. Then he made out the simply have to stick to it. But who'll employ me? Every man in town will know why I've heen fired."

above him.

The reporter gazed up eagerly. There was a light in the fourth floor of an office building. Then he made out the sign of a telephone exchange on the and gave it a vigorous rattle.

why I've been fired."

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His mind was full of a little
an, who lay ill in a maternity host the mother of a thuy pink thing—
the mother

more persuasive at close range.

"Oh, go on!" exclaimed the youth
above, "you're drunk!"

"Drunk!" cried Bates, exasperated; "I
was never more sober in my life." Then

the Globe within I'll lose my job."

"I can't lose mine to save yours," replied the other. "It's against the rules of the company for me to let even em-ployes into the exchange unless viney're on business." "Now, look here, Mr. Central; no one

know I've been here-I'll keep it It rather tickled the young operator to be called "Mr. Central;" stin he demur-

"My God, man, it's life or death to me-you don't understand!" cried Bates desperately. The youth did not understand, but ne

could not resist the appeal of those mel-anonoly blue eyes, "Come in," said he softly; "but mind don't ever give me away.

They hurried up the stairs together, into a large room, furnished only with a rude table, a couple of chairs, at the telephone exchange cabinet. Four or five of the tiny brass hingelike plates on ... caolnet were hanging down, indicating that there were calls for connections. For the moment the operator paid no need to the clicking at the cabinet. He busied himself closing the window shut-

Bates looked at the clock on the white washed wall. It showed twenty-five minutes to one. "Be good enough to get me the Globe

office just as quickly as you can. It is 1-47-62. I must catch the first edition," said the reporter anxiously. The operator took a seat at the capinet and clapped a telephone receiver to his ear. "Hello," said he, to some one on the

wire; "what number? 1-54-39? Bates grasped the youth's arm. "1 .. at's the Chronicle's number-cut him off! "I suppose we'll have to trust the operator, into the telephone, with the operator, into the telephone with the operator, into the telephone with the operator, into the telep

night busy," besought Bates.

"The Graphic! Tell him the wire's busy," besought Bates.

While the Graphic's representative stamped about a livery stable and damned the country telephone operators, Bates was sending in his meager account of the explosion in time to make the Globe's first edition.

And now he was bound to Kloofburg, and perhaps to places as great and wonderful as Port Elizabeth. He had been reading books that unsettled him, for curious waifs of literature penetrate to remote parts of Africa, and he picked up some cant phrases about the necessity of a "Wanderjahr" for some people. He could no longer bear a life which was

Nor was the Graphic's man the only reporter in Bed Rock that moment who was swearing. Men from every one of the city's big dailies were furning better the city's big dailies were furning between the city between the city's big dailies were furning between the city's big dailies were furning between the city between the city betw cause they could not telephone their

Two of the men, at the last moment, ders are so lazy and apathetic, for there rushed frantically to the railroad station is a mysterious influence in the scenery rushed frantically to the railroad station is a mysterious influence in the scenery to send the story in by telegraph; but they found the office dark, and no one try that makes for restlessness. As could tell them where the operator lived.

Meanwhile Bates kept right on talking, sending in imaginary details, helding the wire until it was too late for any other reporter in Bed Rock to catch his first

Then he gave up the wire.

"Here's a reporter talking now," said
the operator; "do you want to hear?"

"Do I? Give me the receiver!" Bates

reached for it. "You mustn't talk loud," continued the you'ln, "or they'll hear you at the other end."

Were under the protection of the law. He rested for a while in a green viel, a pleasant tract of marshy ground by which a stream arms."

"It's Thompson, of the Chronicle; I know him well," whispered the reporter, taking notes of the story buzzing over taking notes of the story buzzing over the whom the whole who who who who will be wise to those who

the wire.

"There, he's through," said Bates, presently. "He's given me the name of every trouble to consider the landscape. After

people hurt-probably killed. Take ...e | marked Bates, laying down the receiver

Very good." He rolled one for the youn.
"Here we sit, while the gang rushes about in the rain—I guess you'd prefer to lick the paper yourself"—he gave the cigarctte a final twist and passed it to the operator, as he went on: "while the gang rushes about in the rain, gathering the news, and I ed.t it on the wire. Do the second floor. A door stood open on a landing. "Slip in there," said the youth, "until the lineman gets up stairs, then sneak out." the news, and I edit it on the wire. Do you know, old man, I haven't enjoyed myself as much since—" He paused suddenly. The light went out of his eyes, and melancholy cast a shadow over them. The operator did not heed the change, for one of the tiny brass hinges in front for one of the tiny brass hinges in front

of him dropped.
"Here's another reporter," whispered
"Mr. Centrai." He had to pluck Bates by the sleeve before he could get the

reporter's attention.
"Eh! What! Oh! Yes!" Bates grabbed a receiver and was soon puffing clouds of smoke with every scrawl of his fast-moving pencil. The light came into his eyes again. The humor of the situa-tion and the fact that he was collecting a good story revived his spirits. "Drop another dime in that slot," called the operator into the telephone; "you've talked over five minutes." Your

friend's working the slot machine tele-phone at the railroad station."
"I think that's Herman, of the Eagle. Bates glared at the door for a moment as though he had half a mind to break it in, then turned on his heel and in-Rock Chemical works this morning; that's about all. Strange no one seems to know anything about the cause of the

"You can go ahead now," called "Mr. Central" to the reporter at the railroad

station. station.

Bates took no more notes. "Gosh, but he's long-winded; he's telling the same thing over again," remarked the Globe reporter. "Say, isn't it time to charge him another 10 cents?"

"He's only been at it three minutes."

"Charge him, anyway; I'm getting sick of hearing him talk. Besides, it's time I was sending in my story for the second.

was sending in my story for the second

"Time's up!" cried the operator. "If

.

While one of the men in the Globe office took Bates' collaborated story over the telephone, a copy reader whipped it into shape and passed it, sheet by sheet, to the city editor.

That dapper little person was marveling at the amount of work that Bates had accomplished when the reporter at the telephone wheeled about and exclaimed: "We're cut off, and I've only got the names of two out of the fifteen killed!"

Bates had been keeping the wire hot with the story, reading it, in disorder, from his hieroglyphic-like notes, and had just come to the list of killed and injured, when the operator touched him on the arm.

"Listen to this," said he, switching Bates on to another wire; "some one's talking to the town burgess." drove the man to the hospital a dozentimes a day, when he should have been on the trail of news—which had caused liarry Bates, who had long ranked as a capable reporter, to be classed among the incompetents.

It was a bitter—a hard thing. It hurt has pride—it depleted his purse, Being a space writer, he had been doing badly, for since he was judged incompetent, to had been given little to do; and for the remaining days of the week he knew he would do worse.

Fate seemed to have laid a heavy hand

above, "you're drunk!"

"Drunk!" cried Bates, exasperated; "I was never more sober in my life." Then the place and hour to place and put the plea of his eyes in his voice: "Come down and give me a word, and I'l give you a collar."

The window closed.

It seemed an hour to Bates before the door opened. Then the reporter made up for lost time. He talked like chain light will be alking to the town burgess."

This is what the reporter heard: "Hello, Camp—hello—I wish you'd repeat that. Talk louder. I can't half make out what a wish of his eyes in his voice: "Come down and give me a word, and I'l give you a dollar."

The window closed.

It seemed an hour to Bates before the door opened. Then the reporter made up for lost time. He talked like one is what the reporter heard: "Hello, Camp—hello—I wish you'd repeat that. Talk louder. I can't half make out what a wish of his even know solver's eaving." Then another voice answered: "We've arrested one man, Allen a month ago. He confesses that he had a most for news; it was the husband, the father, the man. "It will be all right about the money. I'm sorry, or anyling." Then another voice answered: "We've arrested one man, Allen a month of the works, but Hayworth discharged him a month ago. He confesses that he had a most for learn't man. "It will be all right about the money. I'm sorry, or saying." Then another voice answered: "We've arrested one man, Allen a month ago. He confesses that he had a most for premaric "Talk louder. I can't half with the plot of the wish you'd repeat t

ind of Reynolds' arrest." That was enough for Bates. "Give me the Globe again—in a hurry!" he exclaimed. "Incendiary origin! Diabolical plot! Lord, won't that jar the other sheets! I'll beat the town!"

The operator was almost as interested as the reporter. He cut in on some one calling a physician and gave Bates the city wire 'Hello, is that the Globe?" asked the

While the man at the other end was taking the reporter to task for keeping the paper waiting there came a heavy knock at the street door of the exchange. "What's that?" questioned Bates anx-

"Mr. Central" threw open the window and looked out. He spoke to a man below and walked out of the office

A Karoo Wanderjahr.

and came back to the cabinet. "There's a lineman at the door. He's got to come up to look over the wires. The explosion has mixed up some of them." "What are you going to do? I've got to get this stuff in somehow." Bates' look was almost threatening.

'I'd lose my job if the lineman found you here."

"Can't I hide in that closet until he goes; he won't be long, will he?"

"I wouldn't dare risk it," replied the operator hastily. "But I've an idea. I can get you out without him seeing you."

"But I've got to get the biggest end of this story in yet." The reporter's under lip was quivering.

der lip was quivering.
"You can telephone from Mre livery stable. It's on the block below and is

"All right," returned Bates, as he thrust a bill in the other's hand and pressed it warmly. "You've done me a great favor-I won't forget you."

The operator winked and slid down the balusters.

A minute 'I'

A minute later Bates tiptoed down the creaky flight, holding his breath as he went. He opened the street door carewent. He opened the street door carefully and closed it softly after him, then hurried along the street to the livery stable. A sleepy groom admitted h m, remarking that he was the third reporter who had been there that night.

Pates stepped into the telephone box. Bates stepped into the telephone box. Up in the exchange "Mr. Central" was holding the wire for him and the big end of the story, which no other paper had even a hint of. The fact that the

explosion was the result of an incendary plot was soon startling every one in the Globe office, from the copy boy to the

Globe office, from the copy boy to the managing editor.

It was a great story, and the city editor was only waiting to see Bates to congratulate him. He would not et the reporter go now.

Sage wondered why, on that day above all others, Bates should be late. He grew impatient as the hours passed and still no sign of the reporter. The city editor was on the point of sending the copy to Bates' address when he entered the office.

Sage did not notice that the reporter was unusually pale, and that his look was wilder than ever; he merely gruced up from the proof sheets before him and said: "Sit down, Bates; I want to talk to you."

Though the reporter headly ground to

Though the reporter hardly memed to hear the other's words, he sank into a chair. There was something hopeless in his attitude; something tragic in his

well, then, two nickels." "Mr. Central" smiled at Bates. "He's kicking!" "Then cut him off altogether and connect me with the Globe."

Bates spread his notes before 'nim. "If I haven't the best story of the Bed Rock catastrophe," he muttered, "ft isn't the fauit of the other reporters."

lock.

The city editor went on, scrutinizing the proofs as he taiked: "You've beaten the town today, Bates. It was a rattling good story, yours. I want you to stay with us. Now there ought to be a good follow story in that explosion. It's more than likely the Bed Rock authorities have made other arrests. I'm going to send you out there."

send you out there."

Bates was stient. Sage wheeled around in his chair and looked at the reporter. He found him studying the pattern in the lindaum. the linoleum. "Well, well!" The city editor was a blt impatient.

Eates looked up with a start. He had scarce noticed Sage's words.

"I want a little money," said the reporter abruptly.

"Broke, are you? How much do you want?"

"Hundred dollars"

"Hundred dollars! What do you need with a hundred dollars?"

"Bury my wife!" The reporter's tone was unnatural, hard, cold; only his eyes

revealed his misery. Sage stared at him a moment. When he spoke it was not the dapper little c'ty editor, with the red carnation in his buttonhole and a nose for news; it was the husband, the father, the man. "It will be all right about the money. I'm sorry, very sorry, old man; I didn't even know she was ill."

Sage laid his hand on the reporter's

sage and arm.

They were both silent for a moment; then the city editor spoke: "The boy—eh—he'll live, I hope?" Bates nodded his head.
Sage was the city editor again, with
the red carnation and the nose for news!
He turned to Bates and remarked:
"You're the only man who should cover
that story was know the ground the

that story-you know the ground thoroughly. Bates' chin was sunk on his chest. He

replied without raising his head: "What's the use? I've nothing to work for now!"
"How about the boy?"
The reporter started as though something had stung him. thing had stung him. "That's so!"

He picked up a handful of copy paper

the place, gorgeous in satin dresses, were

THIS WILL INTERES

interest in herself that she should be ashamed of. is faultiess, unless it is free from disfiguring pimples, blackheads, moth patches and all other similar facial blemishes so common to women, she cannot be attractive, no matter how beautiful her features may be. Without a clear, spotless complexion, she cannot be and is not considered good loby any one. The famous complexion specialists,

The Wisses Bell



Of 78 and 89 Fifth Avanua, NewYork City,

Have just arranged with MANNHEIMER BROTHERS to show the Misses Bell's celebrated Complexion Tonic to the ladies of St. Paul, and the saleslady in Mannheimer's store will explain to every lady the marvelous efficacy of the Complexion Tonic and its remarkable tonic effect on a skin covered with freekles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, redness, roughness or oillness of the skin, and wrinkles not caused by facial expression. The Misses Bell's COMPLEXION TONIC removes all these blemishes permanently and bestows a complexion that is beautiful to look upon. The Complexion Tonic is not a cosmetic to hide and cover up the blemishes, but a colorless liquid that has a tonic effect upon the pores of the skin, driving out the impurities that clog up the pores and restoring the skin to the same delicate, velevity texture it was in infancy. The price of the Complexion Tonic is \$1.00 a bottle.

Superfluous Kair on the Face, Neck or Arms

Can be removed permanently by the Misses Bell's new discovery, KILL-ALL-HAIR, which removes this annoying and disfiguring blemish forever, and kills the root of the hair so that it will never return. In order that every lady in St. Paul may have an opportunity to test the merits of the wonderful KILL-ALL-HAIR, and see for herself its wonderful effect, the saleslady in MANNHEIMER BROS.' store at the toilet goods department will give to every lady, FREE, a trial treatment of KILL-ALL-HAIR, which you can use yourself, and notice its effect. For those ladies who live outside of St. Paul, and who are desirous of trying the wonderful "KILL-AJL-HAIR" Treatment, the Misses Bell will send a trial treatment free if you will send two two-cent stamps to the Misses Bell, 73 and 30 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Ask the saleslady in Mannheimer's to explain the merits of the Misses Bell's Preparations to you, and have her show you the Misses Bell's CAPILLA RENOVA, for restoring gray hair to its natural color; the Misses Bell's HAIR TONIC for removing dandruff and curing itching, scaly and diseased scalps; the Misses Bell's SKIN FOOD, a daintily scented ointment for use before retiring, and the Misses Bell's LAMB'S WOOL SOAP, for the bath and toilet.

Don't forget to visit the tollet goods department and ask to see the Misses Bell's Celebrated Tollet Preparations.



"Give us a tune, Jacky!" "Let's go and cheer up old Gordon," said a voice, and every one assented. Gordon, Charlie learned, was an invalid in an advanced stage of consumption, whose cheerfulness had made him popular and who had, nathetically enough expressed a hope hess had made h.m popular, and who had, pathetically enough, expressed a hope that his last night on earth might be a merry one. The whole gathering trooped into the little smoking room, where Gordon was ensconced in an armchair. Jacky, the landlord, broke into a childish song, with a banjo obligato. He had the eventful express one began the secont of the second o into the little smoking room, where Gordon was ensconced in an armchair. Jacky, the landlord, broke into a childish song, with a banjo obligato. He had in his eventful career once been a public entertainer, but little talent remained except an air of assurance self an adroit handling of his instrument. Song succeeded song until at last a burly doctor in the corner cried, "Won't you give some one else a chance, Jacky?" The artistic temperament was wounded; the landlord rose, picked up his instrument and bolted. Hickson volunteered a hunting song. Then there were cries for "Potgleter," and the ratlike storekeeper stood up, smirking, and said. "I'm afraid" the smooth of the said of the storekeeper stood up, smirking, and said. "I'm afraid" the smooth of the little smoothing to think that the height of luxury in long rallway journeys has been reached in this country. Our transcontinental trip, however, seems short in comparison with the journey from Moscow to Irkutsk, which takes a lieu of the padictory in the days; and about four more will be required to reach the Pacific at Port Arthur, when the railway has been completed. Our Russian friends believe that they have succeeded in equipping a train whose accommodations are proportionately comfortable and incline some thin short in the magnetic proportion at large train whose accommodations are proportionately comfortable and incline some thin short in the magnetic proportion at large train whose accommodations are proportionately comfortable and incline some thin short proportionately comfortable and incline some thin short proportion and the proportion are proportionately comfortable and incline some t "Potgleter," and the ratike storekeeper stood up, smirking, and said, "I'm afraid I can only give you a recitation, gen-tlemen, and I hope you'll tell me when you've had enough." So saying, he started one of those melodramatic pieces of the suburbandanatic pieces of the suburbandanatic pieces. you've had enough." So saying, he started one of those melodramatic pieces endeared to the suburban drawing room by spasmodic lady reciters. He had just come to the description of the cherubic child, which is inevitable in this kind of literature, when a sepulchral voice from the doctor's corner whispered, "That's enough!" But Potgleter was not to be daunted, and led his yawning audience to the point where the infant is run over by his mother on a bicycle. He sat down amidst a storm of applause broken by a "The cars are heated by means of hot" "The cars are heated by means of hot "The cars are heated by means of hot" "The cars are heated by means of hot "The cars are heated by means of hot" "The cars are heated by means of hot" "The cars are heated by means of hot "The cars are heated by means of hot" "The cars are heated by means of hot "The cars are heated by means of hot" "The cars are heat

daunted, and led his yawning audience to the point where the infant is run over by his mother on a bicycle. He sat down amidst a storm of applause, broken by a proposal from the doctor that they should all toss for drinks.

The room grew noisier. Charlie found himself beside a dilapidated soldier, who began to tell him thrilling tales of his Indian adventures, emphasizing the points with a shaky forefinger.

The room was full of smoke. Three men were singing at once, and their voices were hardly audible above the clink of glasses.

In the corner Gordon lay in his chair, pallid, fighting for breath.

Suddenly a report, as of some firearm, was heard. "What's that?" said the doctor. "Oh, I expect it's old Isaacs,' sormone replied, "trying to shoot an owl. There's an owl that comes round his house, but he always sees two owls, and he's sworn to shoot them both."

The revelry went on. Charlie's head began to ache, and the soldier's stories, which were steadily growing in strength, somewhat disgusted him. He rose and made his way to the bedroom. Hickson had for some time vanished from the smoking room, and Charlie called his name as he struck a match.

There was no answer, but the spluttering match revealed Hickson lying on his bed with is face to the wall. Charlie approach is a fixed hours, but the restaurant and buffet are open from 8 o'clock in the morning until midnight.

"Adjoining the dining room is the library, which is like a little salon elegantly furnished, with a bookcase containing about a hundred books in the Russian language, beside numerous forted the principal citis of the mewspapers of the principal citis of the mewspapers of the principal citis of the middle and the principal citis of the middle and the principal citis of the manular and the principal citis of the manul In the corner Gordon lay in his chair, pallid, fighting for breath.

Suddenly a report, as of some firearm, was heard. "What's that?" said the doctor. "Oh, I expect it's old Isaacs, sorgetone replied, "trying to shoot an owl. There's an owl that comes round his house, but he always sees two owls, and he's sworn to shoot them both."

The revelry went on. Charlie's head began to ache, and the soldier's stories, which were steadily growing in strength, somewhat disgusted him. He rose and made his way to the bedroom. Hickson had for some time vanished from the smoking room, and Charlie called his name as he struck a match.

There was no answer, but the spluttering match revealed Hickson lying this bed with is face to the wall. Charlie approached him, when he sudd-anly saw that the sleeping man's hand held a revolver. He bent to take the weapon away, but, as he touched the hand, a shiver passed over him. Hastily Charlie took his cancile to look at Hickson's fince, but when he saw it he cried aloud that staggered back.

Two or three of the revelers came into the room. "Are you two fellows fighting?" one of them asked. But a look at the figure on the bed tobl him the truth. "My God!" he cried, "that was the shit we heard!"

The landlord came grumbling in. Such an event was bad for his house, he said, He seemed to be more annoyed then shocked. Charlie broke away from the crowd, now sobered, and soon left the hotel behind. As he passed he heard Gordon's recking cough. Soon he was on a farevered sing with a kinds of apparatus for exercising with a kinds of apparatus for exercising with a his kinds of apparatus for exercising with a kinds of apparatus for exer

we heard!"

The landlord came grumbling in. Such an event was bad for his house, he said. He seemed to be more annoyed than shocked. Charlie broke away from the crowd, now sobered, and soon left the hotel behind. As he passed he heard Gordon's racking cough. Soon he was on the open veidt. The distant kopjes looked grim and threatening in the moonlight. The harsh note of the night-locust jarred on his ear, and far away a jackal was howling. The splendor of the Southern cross over his head seemed to him an irony of the heavens.

At early dawn Charlie rode home. His Wanderjahr was over. Wanderjahr was over.

Chicago Tribune.
A ring at the telephone disturbed the suburbanite in his office downtown.
"Hello!" he said, placing the receiver to his ear.
"Is that Mr. Longway?" said a voice
through the 'phone.
"Yea"

"Yes."
"Your house is on fire."
He reflected a moment.
"Well," he said, "by the time I can get out there the fire will have been put out or the house will have burned down.
Goodby." Eight Trains to Buffalo

and praising prussic acid. Jenkins, from a spirit of contradition, advocated the superior merits of pistols. In such a jovial gathering the question seemed to be merely an academic one, and was soon dropped in favor of a discussion on sheep-scab. As he had come to Klootburg to escape from sheep and their allments, Charlie was glad when men began to return from the theatricals.

The landlord of the inn, a jovial-looking man, came into the bar with a banjo in his hand and was greeted with cries of

. . In Russia.

We are accustomed to think that the

capable of holding 3:0 gallons and frequently renewed.

"Beside all this there is a gymnasium, with all kinds of apparatus for exercising all the muscles of the body, including a chamber velocipede. Finally, for the use of the tourist photographer, of whom there are multitudes at present, a dark cabinet has been fitted up with all the necessary paraphernalia.

"Beside the usual number of conductors each train is provided with a mechanician, an electrician, a chef de train, three cooks, five waiters and two men for the lighting and heating. The personnel of the express train also comprises a heath officer, who has a little pharmacy and surgical instruments at his disposal in case of sickness or accident. As on the

case of sickness or accide trans-Atlantic steamers, medical service is gratuitous."

Humility.

Washington Star.

"Let's you an' me go on in our simple way," said Meandering Mike, "an' not put on no airs. however we may feel tempted."

"What are you talkin' about?" inquired Plodding Pete.
"De dangers of pride I want to cau-Plodding Pete,
"De dangers of pride. I want to caution you against gettin overbearin simply because dere ain't no risk of your
disgracin' yourself by dyin' r.ch."

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"DULUTH SHORT LINE" Leave DULUTH & Arrive *8:55 am *2:25 pm *11:10 pm SUPERIOR *7:15 am *2:50 pm *6:30 pm

*Daily. †Ex. Sunday TICKET OFFICE COR STH AND ROBERT STS.
UNION STATION, MILWAUKEE STATION Minneapolis.

NORTH-WESTERN LINE

Office 382 Robert St. 'Phone 480. †Ex. Sun. ‡Ex. Sat. Ex. Mon. Others Daily. LEAVE ARRIVE Badger State Express 8,30 11.15 11.10 pm 11.15 am 6.55 pm 8.30 am 8.10 7.45 4.25 9.59 Duluth, Superior, Ashland. Mankato, St. James, Su. City. Deadwood, Black Hills Elmore, Algona, Des Moines... 10.00 7.35

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Ticket Office 363 Robert Street. Leave. * Daily. † Ex. Sunday. Arriva. **S p m Chicago, Lax Milwauks *** 2:50 p m Chicago, Faribo, Dubuqua *** 12:50 p m Chicago, Faribo, Dubuqua *** 10:40 a m 13:35 p m Hastings, Red W g, Roch'ter 11:50 a 18:30 s m La Cross, Dubuq'e, Rk lal'nd 10:15 p 8:00 am Faribo, St. Louis, Kan. City ** 6:05 p 18:20 a m Ortonville, Milibank, Aberd'n 16:30 p 18:20 a m Ortonville, Aberden, Faribo *** 23:56

THE GREAT NORTHERN

†8:55 am ... Duluth and West Superior. ... | †6:25 pm *11:10 pm | ... Duluth and West Superior. ... | *6:40 am

Sleeper for 11:10 p. m. train can be occupied at any time after 9 p. m.

Lake Minnetonka Trains Leave St. Faul *1:35 p. m., 18:50 a. m., 14:45 p. m., 15:45 p. m., 19:15 a. m., 29:00 p. m., 10:10 p. m. Returning, Leave Spring Park *1:30 p. m., *5:00 p. m., 17:25 a. m., 18:20 a. m., 28:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m. a ex Saturday b Saturday only. BEST LINE TO

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ently. "He's given me the name of every man killed or injured; but he doesn't know the cause of the explosion, or the extent of the losses. It's up to me to hustle a bit for myself." Isped Bates' confederate, passing the receiver to the reporter.

Bates smiled the recognized the voice. A cure for all Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Frostbites, Chilbians, Headaches, Toothaches, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

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Radway & Co., 55 Elm St., New York.

try that makes for restlessness. As Charlie cantered along the rough track,

he passed gaunt ironstone kopjes of

fantastic shapes, fringed by clumps of prickly pear, whereon rockrabbits bask-ed impudently at the mouths of their

holes; the noise of his horse's hoofs

drove gay lizards scurrying into the low shrubs, and startled some stately secre-tary birds, who paced solemnly away in dignified security, conscious that they were under the protection of the law.

which a stream swollen by the sum

world.

Charlle Jenkins had resolved to see life. He was tired of the monotony of his father's farm on the Great Karoo, where for twenty years he had led a placid existence disturbed only by locusts and hadistorms, enlivened at times by visits sips by a habit of divulging telegrams, from stolid Dutch farmers. Old Mr. he was now being honored by a farewell tea at the hands of the Croquet club. But Charile rode on until he reached the Jenkins had come out from home and built up a competency after years of struggle in South Africa. He was conprincipal hotel, and, handing over his pony to a kaffir groom, he passed on to the shady stoep, where one or two intent now to sit among his flocks, watch his ostriches and Angora goats and to pass his old age in peace. And Mrs. the shady stoep, where one or two invalids were lying, languid, in deck chairs. The hotel was full, but Charlie found that he could share a bedroom with a young Englishman named Hickson. Hickson presently appeared; he was a tall. blase-looking man of about twenty-five, ready enough to chat. He had seen several continents, and tried many trades. Like so many of the world's failures, he had come to South Africa to try his luck afresh. Charlie's naivete seemed to amuse him, and he Jenkins had no ideas about things be-yond her own household. But Charlle wished to escape from the lethargy vague. But he was convinced that the bucolic life could not satisfy his soul.

And now he was bound to Kloofburg, naivete seemed to amuse him, and he held forth to the young farmer on the unsatisfactoriness of life, telling him many new things, and nothing cheerful. He had seen life more thoroughly than

And so he joined the knot of loafers. men who considered the year wasted if they had not spent three hundred and sixty-five evening at a drinking bar. Now, Charlie had always lived abstemiously, for his father, like many African farmers, kept no spirits in the house, thinking an occasional spree in Kloofburg more salutary than the presence of an insidious liquor in his dining room. And soon he began to talk noisily with the others.

Hickson was holding forth upon suicide, and praising prussic acid. Jenkins, from a spirit of contradition, advocated the superior merits of pistols. In such a

playing croquet. A pompous little man, whom Charlie recognized as the postmas. ter, was strutting about affably, for he had just received promotion, and, as he had endeared himself to the local gos-Charlie could hope to see it, and the survey had, it seemed, brought him little

After dinner most of the people went off to amateur theatricals, organized with the purpose of giving a new window to the diminuitive English church. Jenkins would have gone to see this phage of life, but was disheartened by a ratike man on the stoep, who was saying that he did not care to see people making asses of themselves. This was a storekeeper who disapproved of the drama barause the themselves. This was a storekeeper who disapproved of the drama because the stage manager had lately detected an inaccuracy in his account and had transferred his custom to another store. But to Charlle, ignorant of these details, the man seemed to speak with a voice of authority.